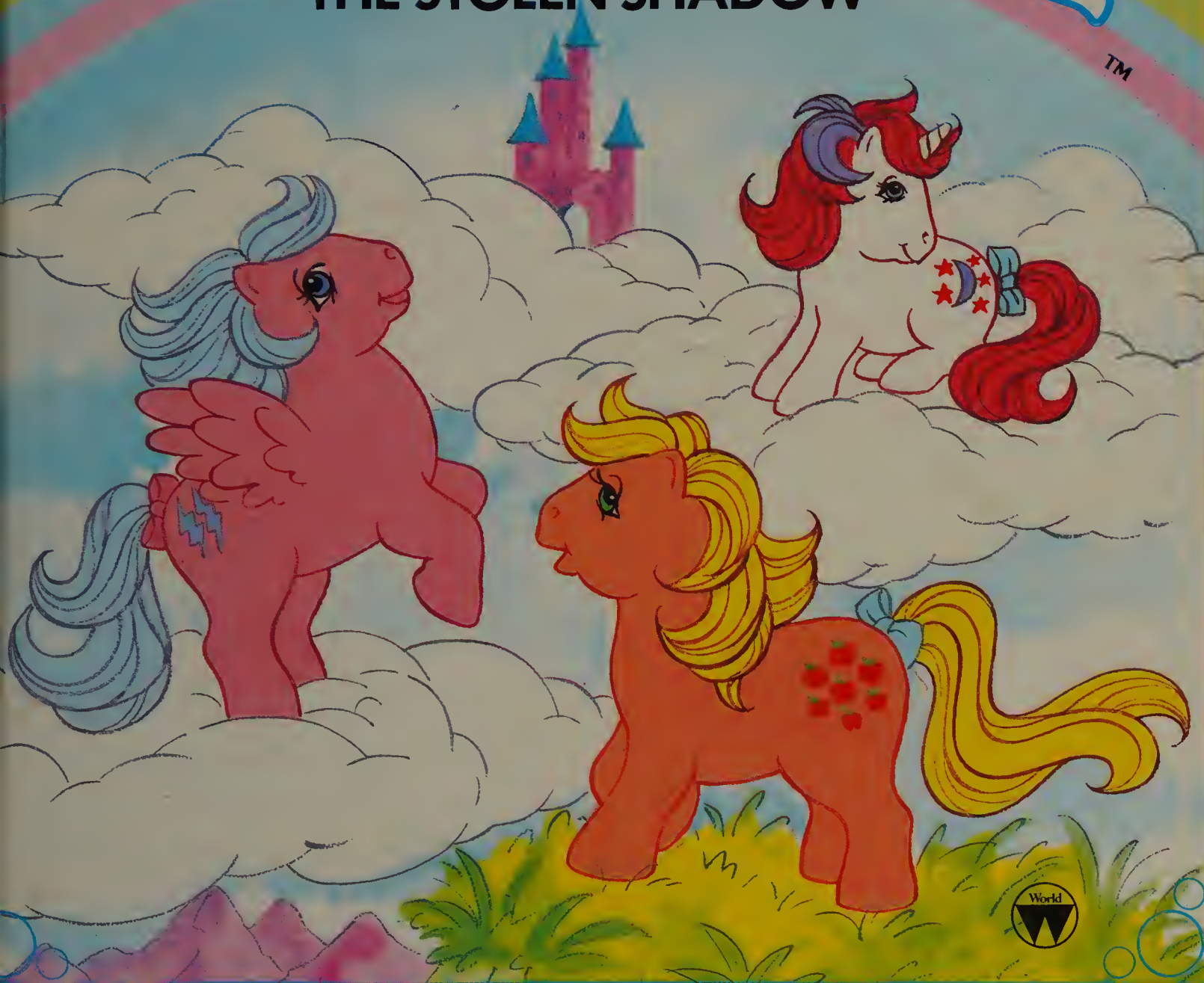


# My Little Pony

## THE STOLEN SHADOW

TM











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# My Little Pony™

## THE STOLEN SHADOW AND THE VALLEY OF FLOWERS





# THE STOLEN SHADOW



“Oh, you are clever!” cried Seashell as she watched her friends Surfdancer and Wavebreaker body surfing on the white-capped waves of the ocean. “I do wish I could do that! You are brave to dive off the clouds, too. I would be much too frightened. I’m a very

ordinary little pony really. I have no magic horn like Majesty, or gleaming enchanted light like Moondancer. I don’t win silver cups like Lemon Drop and I can’t fly like Sprinkles!”

“No, but you don’t eat too many apples like Applejack nor steal Blossom’s flowers

like Cotton Candy,” replied Wavebreaker gently, as she stopped close by Seashell.

“And *we* think that you are very special,” added Surfdancer. “And you have the most beautiful shadow that I have ever seen. Look how it stretches behind you in the sun . . . just like another Seashell. It looks just like you!”



“Does it?” asked Seashell, her face brightening as she looked at her shadow on the sand. “I’ve never really noticed before. Oh, shells and shimmering sand, I *am* tired. Chasing up and down the shore has made me feel quite sleepy. I think I’ll take a nap.”

Seashell closed her eyes and dozed off, unable to hear the sea ponies' song as they swam away:

*"Seashell, take care, take care,  
Of the enchanter Chameleon beware,  
He'll snip your shadow when you're  
asleep,  
And take it to the Caverns of Memory,  
deep."*

"What did you say, Surfdancer?" asked Seashell sleepily. "Oh, sand and shore, what's happening?" She cried in terror as a strange monster-like eagle soared above her.

As Seashell shrieked in fear the eagle dropped to the ground, where he changed to an evil-looking old man in a black cloak covered with strange animal-like symbols.



In his hand he carried a large pair of scissors, the blades shaped like twisting snakes. He sneered, "I am the enchanter, Chameleon. I can change into any shape I wish, and I have come for your shadow, you silly pony!"



And as poor little Seashell put her hooves over her eyes in fright the wicked enchanter snipped and snapped with his scissors until he had cut away all Seashell's shadow!

Then with a cry of triumph Chameleon changed back



into the monster eagle and, clutching the shadow in his claws, he flew away high up into the sky and disappeared!

“Oh, help, someone, help! Chameleon has stolen my shadow!” wept poor Seashell. “He’s probably going to use it in one of his terrible spells!” And the little pony ran all the way to Dream Castle with tears streaming down her cheeks.

“What a terrible thing to have happened,” cried Firefly, and Medley drummed her hooves like a peal of thunder.

“Majesty, can’t you use your magic horn to get Seashell’s shadow back?” asked Cotton Candy and Peachy together.

“No, Seashell must go to



gold and jewels in the underground caverns.”

“Can we help her?” asked Sprinkles and Duck Soup. “We will go to the mines with her.”

“Only I can accompany Seashell,” explained Majesty, “and only when I wear my invisible shoes, so that Chameleon cannot see

the Mines of Memory and try to get it back herself,” explained Majesty. “And she must not fail, because if she does the enchanter will use the shadow to make a pony just like Seashell. Then his magic will spirit our Seashell away to the dark mines where she will lose her memory and forget all about us, and spend the rest of her life pulling the carriages of the goblin miners who dig for





me. But I can bring three ponies to help Seashell against the enchanter when she needs them in the cavern.”

“Who will they be?” asked Firefly eagerly. “I can do a treble backward loop in the air if necessary.”

“You will have to wait and see,” replied Majesty. “We

do not know what danger we will encounter in the caverns. You must all be ready in case you are needed.”

“You can depend on us, Seashell,” called all the ponies as Majesty’s magic whirled Seashell and herself away through the mists of time to the entrance of the Caverns of Memory.

“Oh, pony-feathers, Majesty, I’m frightened,” gasped Seashell, as she





stepped inside the entrance, where strange animal drawings adorned the walls, and a narrow twisting path led into sheer darkness.

"Majesty, where are you?" called the little pony as she turned around and seemed all alone.

"Don't be afraid, Seashell,

I'm here, but my magic shoes make me invisible," replied a soft voice behind her. "Courage, Seashell, into the Caverns of Memory we go."

Seashell felt much better on hearing Majesty's voice and trotted more confidently into the cave.

But suddenly she shied and stopped before a strange, foaming whirlpool.

From behind her Seashell heard Majesty's warning:

*"Seashell, beware, beware,  
Over the whirlpool jump with care,  
Because, little pony, if you fall in,  
Your memory will start to dim!"*

"But . . . pony-feathers . . . I can't jump over that! Even Lemon Drop might fall in," wailed Seashell. "What shall we do?"



“Wish . . . wish for help,” ordered Majesty.

So, closing her eyes, Seashell cried, “I wish . . . I wish!”

And suddenly there was the sound of wings and into the cave flew Firefly. She picked up Seashell and over the swirling whirlpool they flew, safely to the other side, while a peculiar monster fish snapped its teeth with rage.

“You may have crossed my whirlpool, but there are other dangers yet,” called a familiar voice, and Chameleon the enchanter became himself again and rose, dripping, from the water.

*“Well done, Firefly, go back home,  
In the caverns you must not roam!”*

called Majesty as she used her magic horn to cross the whirlpool and joined the ponies on the other side.

“Good luck, I hope you find your shadow soon!” called Firefly, and away she flew, turning a treble treble backward loop to celebrate her success at flying over the





magic waters of the whirlpool.

For a while Seashell travelled on, past strange statues of monsters, until suddenly she realised that a peculiar mist was floating around her.

Once again she heard Majesty's voice calling to her:

*"Seashell, Seashell, beware, beware,  
Little pony, take care, take care.  
Through the mist you must pass safely,  
Or else a statue you too shall be!"*

"Oh, Majesty, the mist is beginning to choke me," gasped Seashell as she tried to stagger on. "I need help . . . I wish . . ."

And as Seashell made her wish, Majesty used her magic horn to make that wish come true.

"Follow me, Seashell," cried a familiar voice. "I will show you the way through this magic mist and lead you to where your shadow is hidden."





“Oh, pony-feathers, I am glad to see you, Moondancer,” cried Seashell gratefully as she followed the unicorn pony, who glowed with her own special light, showing Seashell the way ahead.

Even the stone statues seemed less frightening now that Moondancer was with her, and gradually as they walked the mist cleared until Seashell found herself in a deep, deep cavern where lots



of ugly-looking goblins were busy with picks and shovels, digging out gold and jewels from the side of the cavern.

They looked up as Seashell passed by and laughed mockingly. “Here’s another pony looking for her shadow,” one sneered. “You’ll never find it . . . and I need a new pony to pull my waggon.”

“But I don’t want to live down here in the dark,” protested Seashell. “I live by



the sea with my friends, the sea ponies. Please give me back my shadow!"

But the goblins shook their heads. "Chameleon the enchanter would be angry with us," they cried. "We cannot help you!"

Seashell looked around helplessly, wondering what to do. Then suddenly she heard Majesty's voice behind her:

*"Look behind a star,  
Quite near, not afar.  
Turn the silver key,  
And your shadow you will see!"*

"A star . . . here?" murmured Seashell, looking puzzled. "But . . ."

Then suddenly she saw it . . . a cupboard shaped like a star gleaming in the darkest corner of the cavern.

"Thank you, Moondancer,



for lighting the star for me," called Seashell, as Moondancer slowly disappeared.



Seashell opened the cupboard with the silver key and there was her shadow!

“Quickly, let’s go, I’ve

found my shadow!” she cried, seizing it and holding it tightly.

“Not so fast, Little Pony,” cried a grim voice behind her, and there stood Chameleon the enchanter. “No one leaves my cavern once she has entered it. My spells ensure that she forgets the outside world and stays here forever in my Caverns of Memory. Come, be sensible, Seashell, hand back your shadow, step into this River of Forgetfulness, and forget your friends!”

“Never!” cried Seashell boldly. “I shall cross the river and return to Dream Castle!”

“Never!” cried the enchanter, and just as Seashell was about to step onto several strange stones in the river which formed a



pathway through the water from one side to the other, the stones changed into horrible green frogs which grinned menacingly at the little pony.

"One bite from my frogs and you will forget everything," mocked the enchanter. "Go on, swim across if you dare!"

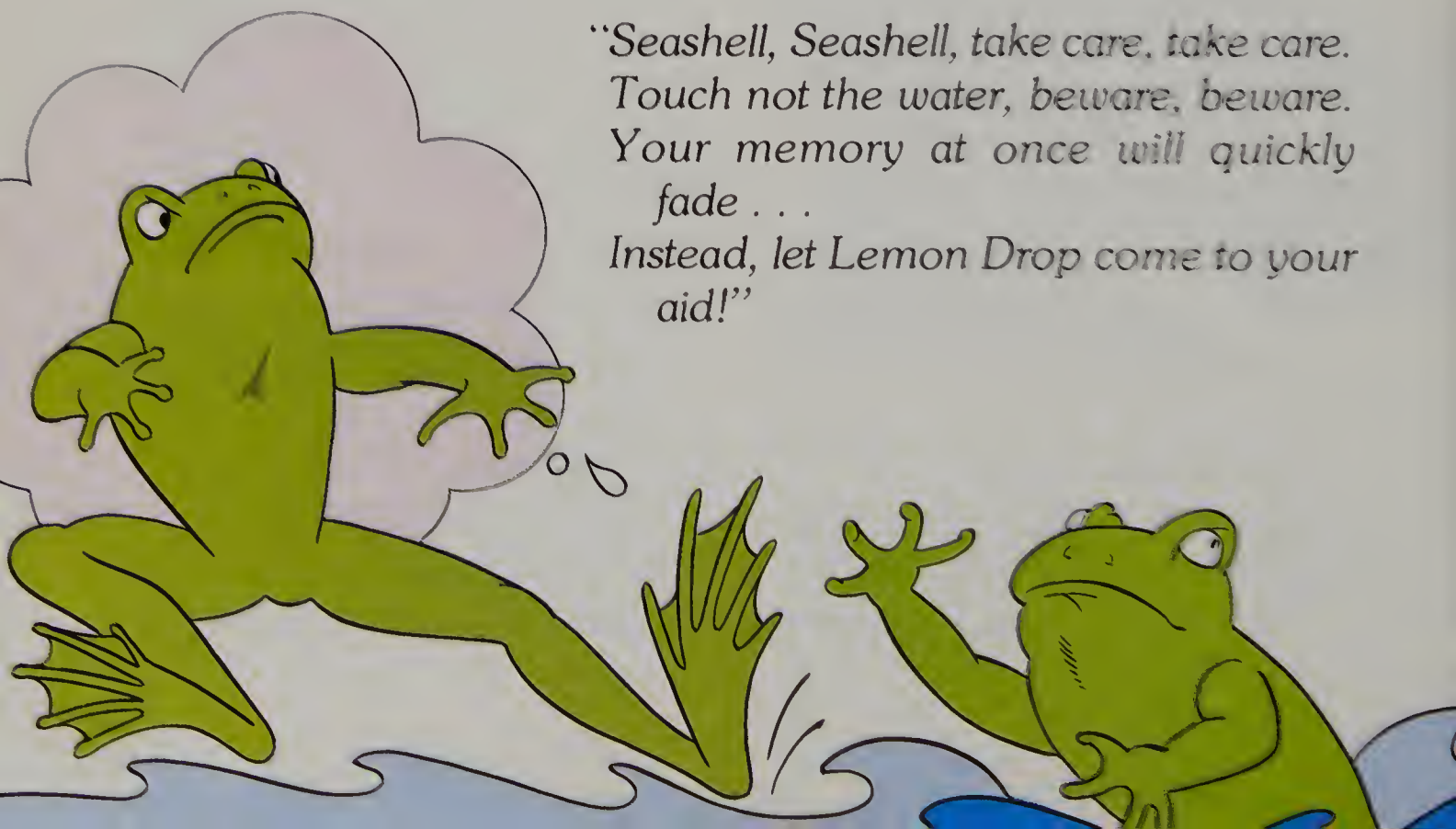
Seashell gazed at the frogs and realised that it would be impossible to swim across.

"Are you afraid?" mocked Chameleon. "Or can't you swim?"

For a moment Seashell was so angry that she almost stepped into the river, but a warning song made her pause, and gave her an idea.

Majesty sang:

*"Seashell, Seashell, take care, take care.  
Touch not the water, beware, beware.  
Your memory at once will quickly  
fade . . .  
Instead, let Lemon Drop come to your  
aid!"*





“Lemon Drop . . . of course!” cried Seashell. “I am light enough to sit on her back, and Lemon Drop can easily jump this river! I wish . . . I wish . . .”

To the enchanter’s great amazement and rage, Lemon Drop suddenly appeared and, as Chameleon watched in anger, Seashell sprang onto her back.

Lemon Drop took a deep breath, a mighty leap and jumped right over the river

and landed safely on the other side, at the other end of the opening of the caverns.

As she had jumped over the river, the frogs had jumped up, trying to catch them, and they had splashed lots of water onto the banks of the river. And a few magic drops had fallen on the enchanter!

"Don't let them get away," he called to the goblins. "After them!"

"After who, master?" called the chief goblin. "I see no one!"

"You foolish fellow . . . I forgot that you can remember nothing!" snapped the enchanter. "Why, Seashell and . . . er . . . someone has . . . er . . . what was I saying . . . I can't remember . . ."

"You have fallen into your own trap, Chameleon," called Majesty, and she took off her magic shoes so that the enchanter could see her. "Your frogs have splashed you with the waters of forgetfulness. Soon you will not even remember your own name . . . and you will not even know that a world

exists outside the walls of these caverns. We ponies will never see you again. We will all be safe . . . and our shadows will never be stolen again!"

"No . . . no . . . this must not happen!" cried the enchanter. "I am Chamel . . . I am . . . I am . . ."

But the magic waters were already working and Chameleon just watched without any interest as Majesty, Lemon Drop and Seashell ran out of the caverns into the bright light where their friends were waiting.

"Hurray, pony-feathers, you've got your shadow back!" cried Peachy in delight. "You are brave, Seashell!"

"Yes, she is," cried



Majesty. And she told everyone what had happened in the Caverns of Memory.

“Let’s have a party to celebrate Seashell getting her shadow back!” cried Sunbeam.

“With lots of apples?” cried Applejack.

“And lots of flowers!” begged Cotton Candy.  
So they did.

The walls of Dream Castle rang with happy laughter and as the sun rose high in the sky, lots of shadows appeared on the grass as the ponies played hide and seek in the courtyard. In the meadows among the trees Seashell’s shadow was the prettiest of all . . . and how glad she was to have it back again!



# COUNT WITH COTTON CANDY

Cotton Candy loves to count . . . especially flowers. Look closely at the pictures and then answer the questions.





1. How many blue flowers can you count?
2. How many red flowers can you count?
3. How many trees can you count?
4. How many fences can you count?
5. How many unicorn ponies can you see?
6. How many flying ponies can you see?
7. How many seahorses can you see?
8. How many birds can you see?



### ANSWERS

1. Five; 2. Seven; 3. Six; 4. Four; 5. Two;  
6. One; 7. Three; 8. Two.



# A PAIR OF PONIES

Look closely at these pictures and see if you can guess which two little ponies they represent.

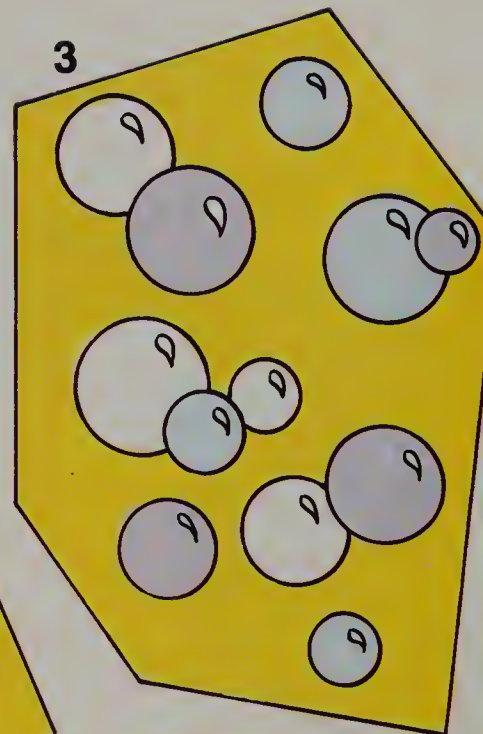
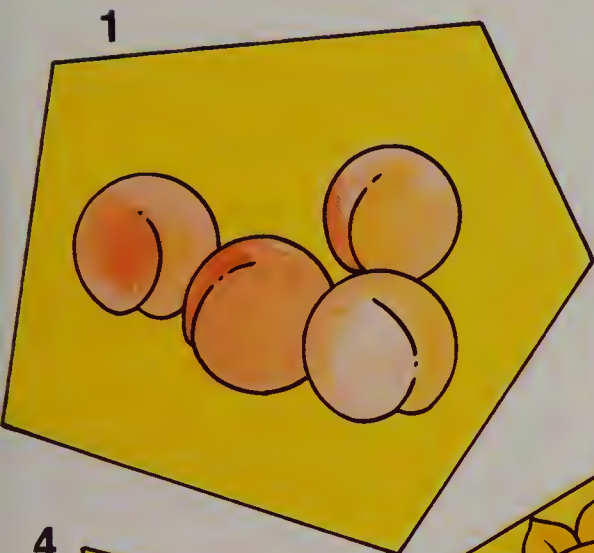


**ANSWER**

Moondancer and Wavebreaker.

# A PONY PICTURE PUZZLE

Look closely at the pictures and then guess the names of the little ponies they represent.



## ANSWERS

1. Peachy; 2. Bow-Tie; 3. Bubbles;  
4. Seashell; 5. Sunbeam; 6. Majesty.

# HORSE LAUGHS

Share some horsey chuckles with your little pony friends.

**MAJESTY:** "Why did the horse gallop over the hill?"

**MEDLEY:** "Because she couldn't gallop under it."

**SEASPRAY:** "Who always goes to bed with her shoes on?"

**SURFDANCER:** "A pony!"

**LEMON DROP:** "How do you make a slow pony fast?"

**COTTON CANDY:** "Tie her up."

**LEMON DROP:** "I can prove that a pony has six legs."

**BLOSSOM:** "How?"

**LEMON DROP:** "Well, she has forelegs in front and two legs behind!"

**SPRINKLES:** "How can you put a pony on her mettle?"

**DUCK SOUP:** "Shoe her."

**SEASHELL:** "When does a pony speak with her mouth full?"

**WAVEBREAKER:** "When she has a bit in her mouth."

**MOONDANCER:** "What did the pony say when she came to the end of her nosebag?"

**TWILIGHT:** "That's the last straw."

**FIREFLY:** "Why is a pony like a cricket match?"

**MEDLEY:** "Because sometimes she is stopped by the rein (rain)."





# THE VALLEY OF FLOWERS

“Pony-feathers, Cotton Candy really is a nuisance!” cried Lemon Drop crossly as she surveyed her ruined practice course. “I spent all morning working on my new obstacles . . . flower tub fences . . . flower bed water jumps . . . a flowerbed with jump poles . . . and Cotton Candy’s nibbled every flower! My new course looks a real mess!”

“Yes, I’m cross with Cotton Candy too,” cried Sunbeam.



The other little ponies looked at Sunbeam in surprise. She was usually such a happy, unruffled pony. What had Cotton Candy done to upset Sunbeam?

“She’s eaten all my flower arrangements for Princess Rosebud’s birthday party,”



explained Sunbeam. "I was so proud to be asked to arrange the birthday party, and now goodness knows where I shall get more flowers!"

"Pony-feathers, you won't get any from the seashore," said Firefly, as she practised a double double backward loop overhead. "Listen . . . the sea ponies are singing!"

And softly over the sweet summer air came the voice of Wavebreaker:

*"Today we sea ponies are sending our SOS!*

*Cotton Candy really has caused us such great distress.*

*The naughty pony has eaten all our sea flowers!*

*Sweet sea lavender no longer scents our bowers!*

*We really hate to spoil her fun,  
But something really should be done!"*





“Where is Cotton Candy?” asked Majesty gently. “I can’t see her anywhere.”

“She’s probably hiding,” snorted Bubbles and Applejack. “We’ve just been down to the waterfall to bathe . . . and what did we find? Cotton Candy’s eaten all the

pretty forget-me-nots which grow near the water’s edge.”

“Apple sauce, the rainbow is very upset,” added Applejack, knocking over a fence as she kicked up her heels indignantly.

“Cotton Candy even nibbled the birthday nosegay I was going to tie up with my prettiest ribbon,” grumbled Bow-Tie. “I can’t give the princess *this*!” And the other little ponies gasped in dismay as she held up a bunch of flower stems!







*“Cotton Candy, on your way,  
Till tempers cool, ’tis best not to stay.  
Travel far o’er hill and dale,  
Until at last you cannot fail  
To reach the Valley of the Flowers,  
There to spend a few happy hours.  
But little pony, not all flowers are sweet,  
And some strange ones you may meet.  
But, little pony, be not afraid,  
A call to us will bring you aid.”*

Poor Cotton Candy, who was hiding behind a tree, hung her head in shame as she listened to her pony friends talking. “This sweet tooth of mine is always getting me into trouble,” she sighed. “Pony-feathers! How I wish I could find a place full of flowers which I could eat without anyone scolding me! I wish . . . I wish . . .”

And as Cotton Candy wished, Majesty twirled her magic horn and sang softly:



Cotton Candy scarcely heard Majesty's words, she was so eager to be off to find this wonderful Valley of Flowers!

Sprinkles and Duck Soup were splashing each other in the waterfall as she passed, and Peachy, and Twinkles her cat, were sitting on the



bank watching them, but Cotton Candy did not pause. She could smell flowers of great sweetness a long way off and she was eager to reach them. The sweetness drew the little pony like a magnet and she scarcely noticed the long miles she had travelled.

On and on she galloped until at last . . .

“The Valley of Flowers!” cried Cotton Candy in delight as she gazed at the signpost.

“Oh, pony-feathers, look at all those flowers! I can’t wait to nibble them!”

And for a few happy hours Cotton Candy wandered around Flower Valley, eating a flower here, a piece of juicy bluegrass there, and she never heard anyone telling her to stop!

But at last even Cotton Candy could eat no more and she began to look around her with more interest.

“What tiny little houses they are,” she murmured.

“Why, pony-feathers, they’re only small enough for mice!”

“No, little pony, not mice but fairies,” laughed a voice.

“We flower fairies each have a tiny house among our own special flowers. I am Fairy Stitchwort, and over there

live Fairy Bluebell, Fairy Primrose and Fairy Buttercup.”

“Who is that sweeping petals from the front of her house?” asked Cotton Candy. “She looks very busy!”

“Oh, Fairy Broom has the tidiest house in the whole of the Valley of Flowers,” replied Fairy Stitchwort. “And she is very brave too. She even shakes her broom at Queen Buzzbelle’s bees when they come to attack us!”

“Who is nasty enough to attack you?” gasped Cotton Candy in horror.

“The army of Buzzbelle, the Queen Bee,” replied Stitchwort sadly. “Each day her bees grew greedier and greedier and took more and





more of our nectar so that at last we flower fairies were unable to make honey for ourselves. So Marsh Marigold and Crab Apple, our two eldest fairies, told Buzzbelle she had to leave Flower Valley.”

“But she refused . . . in fact she laughed at us,” said Fairy Pearlwort, a pretty little fairy dressed in a gown of shimmering pearls. “She sent her fiercest bees out to collect

the nectar and they said that they would sting us if we set foot out of doors when they came. Oh dear, listen, that is Goblin Bugle sounding his horn. I must go inside. Hide in the bushes and hope that the bees do not see you!”

“But . . .” began Cotton Candy.

But the fairies had disappeared and Cotton Candy heard them locking their doors tightly, so she

crouched down in the bushes, scarcely daring to breathe!

From high above there came a great sound of buzzing, and a mighty army

of bees soared overhead, flying so close to Cotton Candy that she could almost touch them with her hoof.

“Come on, bees, those frightened fairies won’t dare come out,” sneered Buzz, the bee leader. “Fill up the honey jars quickly. The Queen gets very cross when she’s hungry.”

And as Cotton Candy watched in horror and rising indignation, the army of bees stripped all the honey from the flowers and flew away, laughing loudly.

“They shouldn’t be allowed to do this!” cried Cotton Candy angrily, as the fairies crept out of their houses when the bees had left. “You must fight back!”

“How can we?” asked Fairy Primrose sadly. “We



are so small and the bees are like giants. What can we do?"

"I don't know . . . but I do know someone who will help!" cried Cotton Candy, as she suddenly remembered Majesty's last words. "I wish . . . I wish . . ."

Far away in Dream Castle Majesty heard Cotton Candy's wish and she summoned her pony friends and together they answered her call . . .

"I just knew you'd come!" cried Cotton Candy happily as Majesty and the other little ponies appeared . . . much to the astonishment and delight of the Flower Fairies. "Oh, pony-feathers, Majesty, you must help . . . the bees keep attacking and stealing all the honey and . . ."

"Steady, Cotton Candy,"



laughed Lemon Drop. "Just calm down and tell us about it calmly."

And so Cotton Candy and the Flower Fairies told Majesty and the others all



about Queen Buzzbelle and her army of giant bees.

“Can you help us, Majesty?” asked Fairy Stitchwort eagerly. “We are so small ourselves and besides, we have no weapons.”

“Oh, my dear, but you have,” replied Majesty, with a little smile. “You just need a little of my magic to use them.”

And, waving her magic unicorn horn around all the flowers she sang softly:

*“Fighting flowers of every hue,  
Change your form, bring weapons too!  
Use your strength to fight the queen,  
Chase Buzzbelle from your flower  
scene.”*

As the little ponies and the flower fairies watched, the flowers changed . . . in a very

surprising way!

A lion in shining armour wielded a shining sword, while two foxes suddenly appeared wearing mailed gloves. A tall man dressed in green carrying a heavy ball spiked with needles on a chain also appeared.

“It’s magic . . . look at Dandelion and the Foxgloves!” cried Primrose. “What fine warriors they make!”



“Stinging Nettle . . . is it really you?” gasped Stitchwort, rushing up to the tall stranger. “Oh, you will make a good fighter!”

“Majesty, thank you for helping us,” cried Fairy Broom. “But although our three animal flowers and Stinging Nettle are sure to fight bravely, they will be outnumbered by the bees.”

“Pony-feathers, no they won’t. Look behind you!”





gasp'd Cotton Candy.

The fairies turned around to see an army of dragons with snapping teeth marching towards them in even rows.

"Their wings will ensure that they can fly . . . your Snapdragon army will put the bees to flight," promised Majesty.

Suddenly a horn sounded.

"The bees are coming!" called Goblin Bugle.

"Let them come, we're

ready," called Stinging Nettle as he climbed onto the back of Firefly.

The lion climbed onto Medley's back and as they rose in the air Medley drummed her hooves on a cloud as a thunderous warning to the bees.

The two fox warriors climbed on the backs of the







two leading dragons and off they set to meet the bees.

The bees were so confident of meeting no opposition that Queen Buzzbelle was actually riding Buzz, her bee-in-chief.

She could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw Firefly, Medley and the dragons moving towards them in even waves.

“Buzz . . . do something . . . were being attacked!” she cried.

“I’ll soon . . .” began Buzz confidently. But a swing from Stinging Nettle’s spiky ball knocked his antennae askew . . . and he went deaf! He also had a large lump on his head!

As the other bees tried to sting the dragons, they hurt their heads and bodies on the

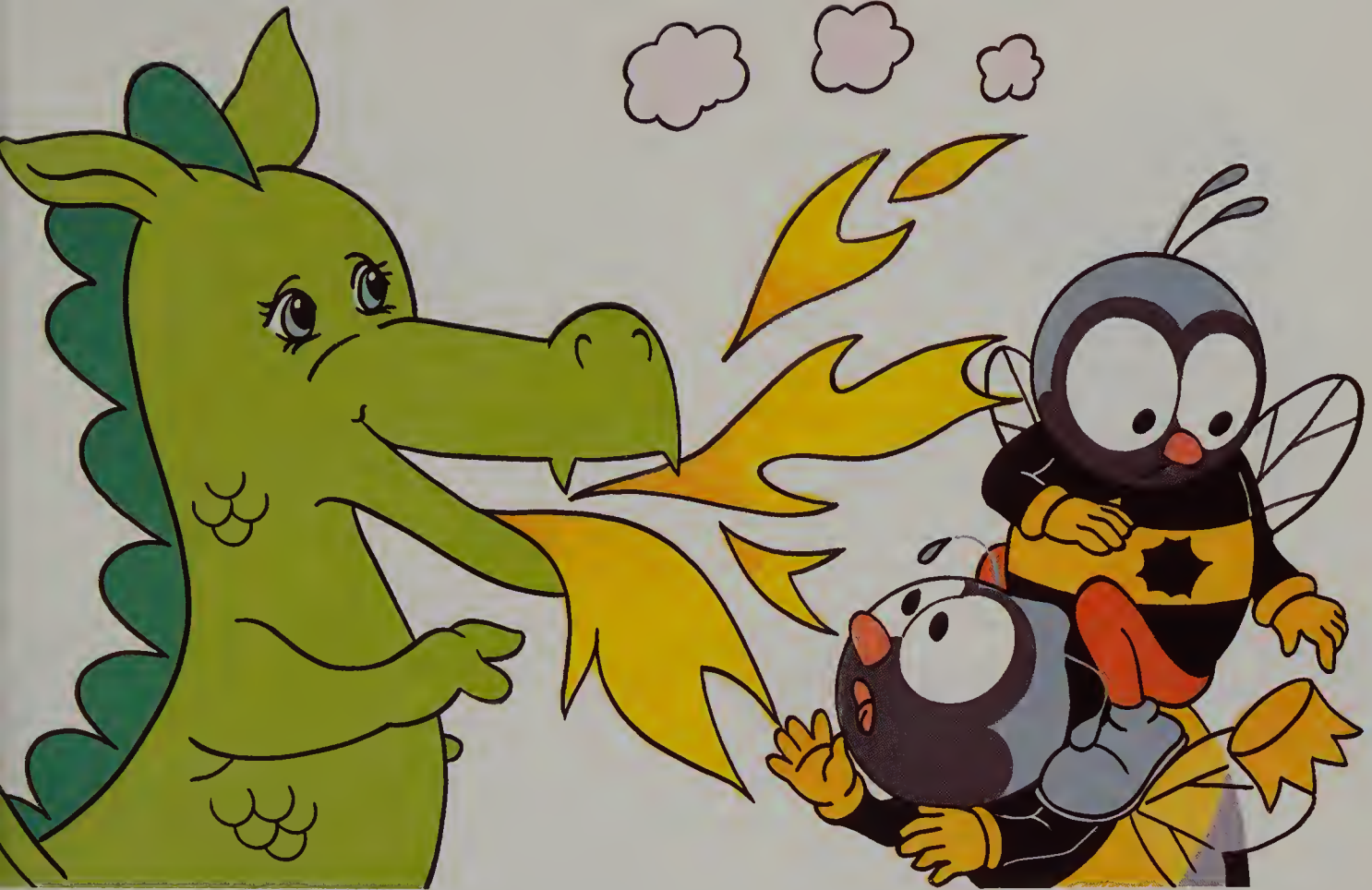
dragons' scaly skins and the dragons scorched them with their fiery breath.

The lion, on Medley, smote the bees right and left with the blade of his golden sword and the foxes hit several bees and sent them reeling from the sky to land, sick and dazed, all the fight knocked out of them!

Finally as poor Buzz flew aimlessly about the sky, his head aching and unable to see very well, one dragon moved very close and scorched the queen's striped dress . . . and knocked her crown from her head!

"My crown, my crown, give me back my crown!" wailed Buzzbelle, as she





watched it fall to the ground where Cotton Candy caught it cleverly in her hooves.

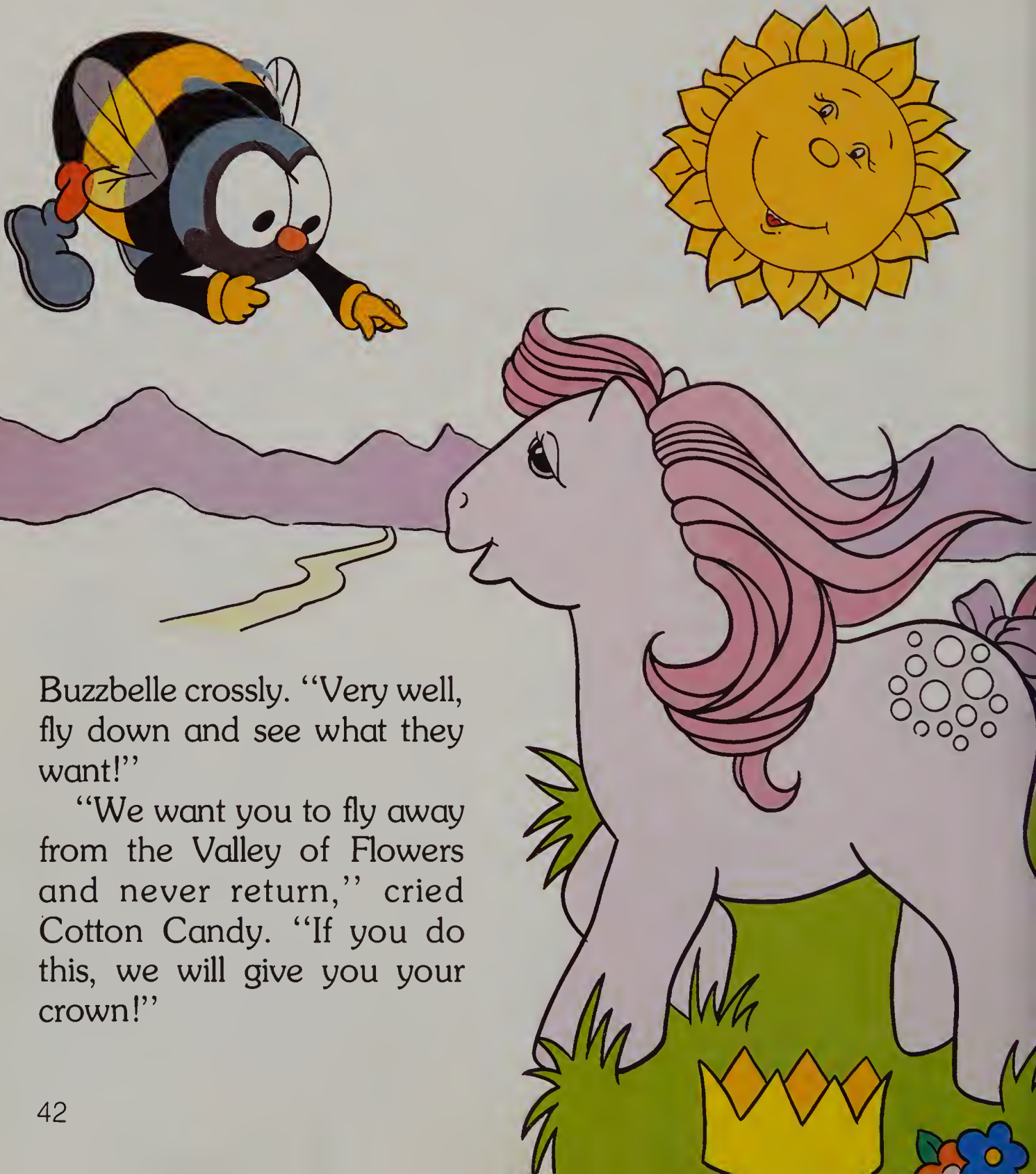
“Come down and get it,” called Cotton Candy. “Admit you are beaten and accept our terms of surrender.”

“Never!” shouted back the queen. “Fight on, bees. Fight for your queen.”

“But you’re not our queen any more. A queen must wear a crown!” cried Buzz, who was finally beginning to hear clearly again. “If you want to be queen again, you will have to surrender to Cotton Candy.”

“Oh, beeswax, I must get my crown back,” muttered





Buzzbelle crossly. "Very well, fly down and see what they want!"

"We want you to fly away from the Valley of Flowers and never return," cried Cotton Candy. "If you do this, we will give you your crown!"

“That’s . . . that’s . . . oh, very well,” cried Buzzbelle as she rudely snatched back her crown and put it firmly back on her head. “Come on, Buzz, let’s get out of here!”

How the flower fairies and the little ponies cheered as the queen and her bees left

the valley, never to return!

“Oh, Cotton Candy, how can we ever thank you?” cried Fairy Stitchwort, hugging the little pony hard. “You’ve got rid of Buzzbelle and her bees. Now we can have as much honey as we like without fear of being





attacked by the bees.”

“Oh, fragrant flowers, it was nothing!” grinned Cotton Candy bashfully. “I’m glad I was able to do something to help for once. You see, I’ve such a sweet

tooth that I’m always in trouble for eating flowers.”

“Oh, Cotton Candy, we forgive you!” cried the other ponies. “Please come home.”

“Oh, pony-feathers, I am



glad you all want me back. I've liked being in the Valley of Flowers and helping to get rid of the bees. But home's best with all my pony friends," laughed Cotton Candy. "Come on, let's go!"

"Just a moment," cried Fairy Stitchwort, and she disappeared into her tiny house.

Later, as they all set off home, Cotton Candy trotted



along just a little slower than the rest. You see, she was carrying a large . . . a *very* large . . . jar of the sweetest clover honey, a gift from Fairy Stitchwort.

"I can't wait to try some," she murmured happily. "And it's such a large jar that even *I* won't nibble the flowers for a while!"

And she didn't!









**TITLES IN THIS SERIES:**  
**THE STOLEN SHADOW**  
**THE MAN IN THE MOON**



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